

The Ohio Democrat

AND DOVER ADVERTISER.

HILL & MITCHELL, PUBLISHERS.

CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) FEBRUARY 14, 1840

VOLUME I.

NUMBER 26.

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Patriot.
THE LEXINGTON.

The following lines are descriptive of that awful scene of the burning steambath, which has brought hopeless misery to many a good and generous heart. Years cannot obliterate the memory of that scene. Oh! that I could stretch my hand and wipe away the tears of surviving friends—that I could heal the broken hearts of the widow and the fatherless! But there is but one balm, and that balm is the grace of GOD.

Night rested on the sea—the moon alone,
O'er the wide waste of rolling waters shone;
The glorious sun had sunk in western skies,
And the dim stars looked down like angel eyes;
As if they wept in heav'n at the approaching doom,
And drop'd their tears on that untimely tomb.
The warm hand press'd, with many a generous
And true, and true, and true, and true, and true,
The long embrace once o'er, and farwell spoken;

The buoyant boat swift leaves the crowded
The buoyant boat swift leaves the crowded
The buoyant boat swift leaves the crowded

To gaze on those they shall behold no more;
Upon the deck they strain their anxious eyes,
Till evening drops her curtain o'er the skies.
Now o'er the waters, where the wanderers sleep,
Went forth that train upon the treacherous deep;
They thought of friends to whom they should
Nor thought, alas! those friends as soon would
mourn;

In blissful dreams they think no more they roam,
But tread again the happy halls of home:
Childhood and age and beauty, brightly blest,
Thoughtless of danger, on the dark waves rest,
When lo! there comes upon the ear a cry,
And the word FIRE! runs roaring thro' the sky,
The red flames flash upon the flaming flood,
Till the wide waters seem one sea of blood,
On the cold blast dread Azazel comes in ire,
Waves his dark wings and fans the fearful fire;
Wild o'er the deck and with dishevel'd hair,
Rush the victims shrieking in despair;
"Where is my son?" the frantic father cries,
"And where my wife?" the weeping son replies.
Amid that scene of terror and alarm,
Dear woman, wailing, throws her wailing arms,
And shall she perish? Nay, one effort saves,
Launch, launch the boats upon the boiling waves
"They're lost, Oh! God, they sink to rise no
more!"

A hundred voices mingle in one roar,
From post to post the affrighted victims fly,
While the red flames illumine sea and sky,
The piteous look of infancy appeals
For help, but ah! what heart in danger feels!
None save a mother's—see her clasping boy,
Floating, she looks to find her second joy,
She sees him now, and with a transport wild,
"Save, save, Oh! save! she cries, my drown-
ing child!"

She waved her arms, and in the next rude wave,
The mother and her children found a grave,
Lock'd in her arms her boy hath sunk to rest,
His head in pillow'd on her clay-cold breast,
A mother's love not death itself can part,
She hangs her dying children to her heart,
And faint would perish more than once, to save
Her blooming boys from ocean's awful grave,
"A sail! a sail!" a hundred voices rave,
In the dim distance, on the brilliant wave,
She comes, and hope cheers up those hearts a-
gain,

They shall be saved—alas! that hope is vain!
The dastard wreck beholds the imploring crew
Looks on the blazing boat, then bids adieu,
Leaves them to perish in a watery grave,
Rather than stretch his coward hand to save,
Go, thou inhuman being, be thy name
A demon's watch-word, and the mark of shame,
Go teach the tiger what to tears is given,
And be the scold of man, the scorn of Heaven,
Be all those mourning mother's tears thy own,
Till human feelings melt thy heart of stone,
Now o'er the ice-cold sea the victims swim,
Their limbs are helpless, and their eyes grow
dim,

With cries for help, they yield their lingering
breath,
As one by one they close their eyes in death.
The blazing wreck a moment shines more bright
One cry is heard, she sinks, and all is night,
The moon hath set, a darkness shrouds the sea,
No voice is heard upon that moonless sea,
No pity spreads her wings upon the gale,
And few are left to tell the dreadful tale.
From down-bred sleep, and from their joy-
ous sleep,

Full many an eye shall wake to weep,
Full many a heart a hapless parent mourn,
From friends and home, alas! untimely torn,
Far Balthore, thy children too must weep,
A father, husband, brother in the deep,
And beauty's eyes shall often melt in tears,
O'er the sad tale, in future days and years,
The dying child will to its mother cling,
And ask what day its father home will bring,
Alas! poor child, no father comes to thee,
He sleeps embosomed in the dark blue sea,
No more thy mother now shall rouse the fire,
No welcome home her husband and thy sire,
No more the mother, when the day is done,
Shall look to look upon her gifted son,
No more shall clasp him to her bosom breast,
And breathe a prayer that he may still be blest,
Far from his mother's mourning heart he sleeps,
Nor knows the friend who o'er his fate now

How many a tear shall yet, alas! be shed,
O'er that wide tomb that holds so many dead
Mysteries are ways. Oh! God, yet just
Thou art in all things—let us bow and trust.

MILFORD HAD.

Poet's Garret, Baltimore Jan. 22d 1840.

"The Angel of death."

Leap Year.—By the common law of Court-
ship it is the ladies privilege this year to "Pop
the Question." Queen Victoria, the great arbitress
of the ton, has already taken time by the fore-
lock and set the example.—It seems that Prince
Albert never dreamed of seeking to attain the
high destiny that now awaits him, until her ma-
jesty laid her "Pop" conveyed to him, accom-
panied by a billet doux, saying, that "the night
have the 'original of her house.'—Fred'k Her.

Poor people down in Maine have a
singular method of keeping warm dur-
ing the long cold nights of winter.
They have a buckwheat cake made
large enough to cover the entire bed, like
a quilt, and spread over it "piping hot,"
at the time of retiring. When made of
sufficient thickness it retains its heat un-
til morning when, if a person is too lazy
to get up, he can make a good break-
fast by eating off the edge as he lies.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO MURDER CHAR-

ACTER.—Profess great friendship for
the man—tell how much you love him;
proclaim how many excellent traits he
possesses; and then with a very suc-
cessful look, and most impressive sigh,
express your fear, that all is not as it
should be. Whisper suspicion, and let
conjecture, with giant strength, work
out the ruin. He who understands hu-
man nature in its deepest workings of
damnable cruelty, and selfish artifice,
will mark the man who stabs another
under the cloak of pretended affection.
The pretence has a lie, adds he, on the
face of it. True affection would never,
never whisper a suspicion, save into the
ear of one beloved, and whom that sus-
picion concerned. Never trust that
man, who comes whining over his re-
gard for another, while his tongue is a
drawn sword to wound and kill; meet
him promptly with a charge of his hy-
pocrisy and he will shrink with mean-
ness before you.—N. O. Sun.

THE TRAITOR ARNOLD.—Arnold pos-
sessed undoubtedly, animal courage,
he could stand before a battery, and call
on his men to advance. He was once
at a levee in England immediately after
the close of the American war, when
he was introduced to Lord—as the
American General, Arnold. "What,
the traitor Arnold?" exclaimed his lord-
ship, turning on his heel with disgust.
A challenge was given by the general
and accepted by his lordship, who re-
ceived Arnold's fire, and discharged his
own pistol in the air. "Why do you not
return the fire?" exclaimed the general.
"Because I am not an executioner," re-
plied the nobleman, folding his arms,
and looking disdainfully over his shoul-
der at his antagonist, as he quietly
walked away from him.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The follow-
ing beautiful extract is from the Hesper-
ian:

"Young womanhood! 'the sweet
moon on the horizon's verge,' a thought
matured, but not uttered a conception
warm and glowing, not yet embodied;
the rich halo which precedes the rising
sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the
ripening peach—a flower—
A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud,

We ought in humanity, no more to
despise a man for the misfortunes of the
mind, than for those of the body, when
they are such as he cannot help; were
they thoroughly considered, we should
no more laugh at a man for having his
brain cracked, than for having his head
broke.—Pope.

A servant girl a few days since on
leaving her place, was accosted by her
master as to her reason for leaving.
"Mistress is so quick tempered that I
cannot live with her," said the girl.
"Well," said he, "You know it is no soon-
er than it is over." "Yes, sir, and
no sooner over than begun again."

A chemist in expatiating on the late
discoveries in chemical science, observ-
ed that snow had been found to possess
a considerable degree of heat. An
Irishman present, (accusing that the dis-
covery might be made probable,) inquir-
ed of the orator "what number of snow
balls would boil a tea-kettle?"

"Mr. Jones, you must take the res-
ponsibility," as the Illinois editor's wife
said, when she gave her husband the
young 'un to nurse.

"I'm broke!" as the looking glass
said when the "ugly customer" looked in
to see his face.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

An extract from Dr. Duncan's speech
on the N. Jersey fraud.

"As the floods rush from the moun-
tains of Ethiopia, to the overflowing of
the Nile, and to the enriching of the
plains of Egypt, so has been the torrent
of public sentiment and approbation
through the medium of the ballot box, in
favor of the leading measures of this
Administration, and the glorious and
hallowed cause of Democracy and the
people. Sir, with the Revolutionary
blood and patriotism of our ancestors,
backed by the thundering voice of ap-
probation by millions of freemen, are
the Democracy to be awed or intimidat-
ed by the threats or frowns of a con-
quered and dying party in their last
spasmodic agonies? No, sir; its effect
is but to produce the sneer of contempt
and derision. As it is common here for
gentlemen Whigs to give their young
friends (new Whig members) advice,
so I will volunteer some advice to my
young friends; and that is, to treat with
contempt and scorn, all the blustering,
blowing, blustering, and bullying dis-
plays they may see here or elsewhere,
though the fiercest Federal lions be
turned into this hall, and though their
"baggy tails be erect, and their jaws
bedaubed with human blood," they re-
ally have no terrors; the people have ex-
tracted their teeth; they can do nothing

but shake their manes and growl; ap-
proach them, lay your hand upon them,
they are tame; they are like Daniel's lion;
the hand of God rested on them; the
hand of the freemen of this country
rested upon the Federal lions and bullies
of this day. When I first entered this
hall, I entered with some trepidation—
such is the Whig system of puffing by
the lean, lank dogs, in the character of
penniless letter writers, who beset this
Capitol by throngs, and whose hungry
yelp is never out of your hearing. I
expected to see men gigantic in body
and intellect; such is the effect puffing
has upon the mind of objects at a dis-
tance; but when I came to mingle with
them, I found few of them whose bodily
altitude exceeded that of my own and;
when I surveyed them, I saw nothing in
them, mentally or physically, to be fear-
ed; I found them just such creatures as
surrounded me at home every day; I
saw nothing here at which a well corn-
and pork fed Western Buckeye would
not doze his wool hat, throw of his lin-
sey hunting shirt, roll up his sleeves,
and "walk right into."

We have heard the tempest of party
howl; we have felt the rain fall in tor-
rents from the party elements; we have
been pelted by the hail; we have seen
the lightning flash; and we have heard
the thunder peal and roll over our heads,
but we have not been stricken down in
ruin by its bolts; and all this, too, when
foul Federalism had reared its crest to
its greatest altitude—to the threatening
of the overthrow of our simple Repub-
lican institutions. What now have we
to fear, when it sneaks to hide its guilty
face, and is ashamed of its very name.
It writhes under the feet of our free
institutions as the reptile squirms under
the heel of man.

Sir, as if to prove the Opposition
for a contest of violence, the New Jer-
sey usurpers have been advised not to
jump out of the windows, as was the
case at Harrisburg. The Democracy
of this House have manifested no dispo-
sition to maintain their principles by
bowie knives, or carry out their meas-
ures with brickbats. The admonition
was gratuitous and uncalled for. Nor
was it the Democratic members of the
Legislature of Pennsylvania who threat-
ened violence to the corrupt usurpers
who claimed their seats in that hall.
It was the honest, hard-handed Dem-
ocracy, who rallied to the standard of
their country when their legislative hall-
were to be corrupted by usurpation and
fraud. It was the kind of men who
maintain and support your country in
peace, and defend it in war. They were
the kind of men, and governed by the
same political principles, who were cal-
led plebeians in the republican days of
Rome, who, when Anthony offered Ce-
sar the crown, threw up their twenty
caps and clapped their hard and chap-
ped hands, at his refusal to accept it.
Anthony persisted, and offered it again.
Cesar refused; they threw up their caps
in token of approbation, and
clapped their chap-ped and hard hands;
but the patricians roared and hissed.
Again Anthony offered him the crown;
but again Caesar refused it with his hand
from his head. The patricians growl-
ed and hissed; but the plebeians contin-
ued to throw up their twenty caps and
clap their hard and chap-ped hands.

These were the kind of men who filled
the streets and crowded the legislative
halls of Harrisburg. They saw that their
liberties were in danger, and they
rallied to the defence of their institu-
tions and the purity of the elective fran-
chise. Such men do not crowd the
streets and avenues of Washington city
and overflow the legislative halls of this
Capitol. No, sir; the usurpers in this
case have nothing to fear from the popu-
lace here. Sir, with many honorable ex-
ceptions, our streets and avenues are
crowded with blacklegs, political jugs-
lars, hungry expectants, loving, lean
lazarous loafers, bank vassals, and Fed-
eral minions, congregated from all parts
of the Union. Dandies, coxcombs, and
livered drones, whose subsistence de-
pends upon theft, begging or fraud, or
upon the "the glories of the credit and
banking system." Hence it is that you
hear from your galleries shouts of ap-
probation and joyous applause, when
you gain anything like a temporary
Whig victory over the cause and prin-
ciples of Democracy, however contem-
tible and pitiful that victory may be.
Sir, I think I can give the usurpers as-
surance that they are on the right side for
safety here; but I could not insure them
from decapitation if they were to pre-
sent such claims in the Capitol of Har-
risburg. Sir, as usual, we have heard
the successes of the cause of Democracy
attributed to corruption, Executive in-
fluence, usurpation, base vassalage,
party slander, and servile submission.
Yes, sir, the Administration and all its
measures; the Harrisburg Convention,
the election of Gen. Harrison, and the
success of the Federal party; and the
contest for party ascendancy in the next
Presidential election, have all been
drawn into the vortex of discussion, on
the simple proposition of the New Jer-

sey election returns; and free drafts in
that discussion, made from the most
slandrous and degraded Federal sheets
of this day of political strife and reck-
less turmoil, to abuse the Administra-
tion and its measures and the Demo-
cratic party. I meet and face the whole
in my weak way. Such charges are in
bad time, and from a quarter which
should blush to name them. This Ad-
ministration is emphatically an Admin-
istration of the people—its leading
measures float upon an overflowing tide
of public approbation—its enemies are
the enemies to free institutions, equal
rights, and human liberty."

ADDRESS

Concluded.

It is a self evident proposition, that
when an individual expends more during
the year, than the amount of his income
he will find himself in debt upon mak-
ing a final settlement. It is equally
true, that when a Nation buys more
than it sells,—imports more than ex-
ports, there must be a balance of trade
against it, and that balance must be paid
in money. How stands the case with
us? For several years past, say from
1830 to 1839, our imports have greatly
exceeded our exports. In one year dur-
ing that period, 1836, our imports ex-
ceeded our exports, more than sixty
millions; and this excessive importation
was followed by the general bank sus-
pension of 1837. These imported goods
are purchased, to a considerable extent
on credit. When brought to this coun-
try they are sold to the retail merchan-
disers on credit; and they again sell them
out to the people on credit. Thus the whole
population become indebted to the am-
ount of the excess of imports over ex-
ports, and that debt is due abroad. The
time of payment rolls on, and the for-
eigner demands his money from the
importer; the importer calls upon the
people. The debt must be paid, and as
all our surplus cotton, rice and tobacco,
which are the principal articles exported
are already gone, the balance must be
paid in cash. Bank paper will not do.
That may circulate as money at home,
among ourselves; but the Englishman
wants real money—gold and silver. If
he is paid in bank notes, he walks into
the bank and demands the coin; which
is immediately shipped to Europe. This
drain upon the Eastern banks drives
them into the interior for a supply of the
precious metals. A run takes place
from the seaboard to the frontiers. The
banks call upon their debtors for coin
to supply their vaults; and they upon
their customers; and thus a universal
pressure is produced. It originates in
London, but it extends to every man in
the United States. If it continue long,
& the amount due abroad is very large,
a suspension of specie payments is pro-
duced; if the amount be less, we have
not a panic, attended with individual dis-
tress, sacrifice of property and bank-
ruptcy. This is the great leading cause
of all the suffering which has existed in
money matters for the last few years;
and of all the embarrassment which now
afflicts the country. There are other
causes which have their influence. The
States and Banks of this Union, by a
most improvident policy, have involved
themselves in debts by the sale of stocks
which must remain unpaid for genera-
tions to come. Debts have been cre-
ated for the purpose of making internal
improvements; to procure capital for
State and local banks, and for the
purpose of making internal improvements,
to procure capital for State and local
banks, and for other purposes. We
have borrowed from the English until
we can borrow no more; and the amount
of our debt thus created being probably
not far from two hundred millions, pro-
duces an annual drain of some ten or
twelve millions of dollars, for the inter-
est. Although we may boast, therefore,
that we have paid off the national debt,
incurred by our two wars with Great
Britain, yet the country has involved
itself in a new debt, of a larger amount,
that will remain an incumbrance upon
us and our posterity, for a century at
least. Is it surprising that this balance
of trade, resulting from excessive im-
ports, and the constant demand for spec-
ie, to pay so large an amount of inter-
est should cause embarrassment in our
monied affairs?

Is there no remedy for this evil? There
is; but it is not to be found in either a
National Bank, or in the creation of
more local banks. The Pennsylvania
Bank of the U. States, when it had re-
ceived a charter from the State in the
winter of 1835-6, was declared by its
President to be stronger than it ever
was, with its charter from Congress;
and prepared to be more serviceable to
trade and commerce, and more useful
to the people, than it had been before.
If a National bank could relieve us,
why has not this one done so? We
know that in the general suspension of
1837, it was among the first to suspend,
and among the last to resume; and
whilst our own local banks are now pay-
ing specie, that bank lies in ruins, un-
able to meet its liabilities, and unwilling

to redeem a dollar of its paper. This is
the great Federal "regulator" of the cur-
rency!

An increase of bank capital in Ohio
could bring no relief. The report of the
Bank Commissioners, made to the Gen-
eral Assembly during the present ses-
sion shows that there is about six mil-
lions of bank stock now chartered in
Ohio, which has not been taken up.
Why charter more when this lies in mar-
ket and no one desires to take it? The
truth is, there are no monied men now
in the country, who are desirous to in-
vest their capital in this way. And sup-
pose they did, what must follow? If a
dozen new banks were chartered this
winter and put in operation, they could
not relieve us. So long as the balance
of trade is in favour of the eastern citie-
re, and against the west, a constant
flow of specie must continue from the
west. This would drive in the notes
put in circulation as fast as they were
thrown out and their amount in the coun-
try would very little exceed the amount
of specie in the vaults. In other words,
the coin would be in the banks, and the
notes given to the people in place of it.
A state bank would be in the same
condition if one were at this time char-
tered; but this measure is impracticable
now for another reason. Where would
we obtain specie to fill the vault of a
state bank? By borrowing, of course.
But we cannot borrow money to pro-
gress with the public works. All our
efforts to do so have failed, both in Eu-
rope and at home. How then can we
obtain coin to put in operation a state
bank?

There is one fact connected with the
operation of banking which merits our
serious attention. The spirit of specu-
lation and overtrading which seems
to be inseparable from our nature, needs
but a slight stimulus to call it forth.
Hence, when the banks, either Nation-
al or local, have thrown out large mas-
ses of paper, affording facilities to all
who demand them, making money, as
it is called, plenty, almost every man is
induced to extend his credit, beyond
reasonable bounds. Every thing ap-
pears prosperous around us. We all
run in debt—but when the foreign cred-
itor demands the amount due him, that
very demand creates a run upon the
banks for specie, and disables them
from affording relief. The community
then suffers the twofold inconvenience,
of being encouraged to involve itself, by
an expansion of the paper currency, and
when pressed for payment, at the time
when it stands most in need of assis-
tance, it meets a contraction of this
same currency, which aggravates and
increases its difficulties. Such a state
of things demand thorough and radical
reform; and it is for that principle we
have been contending for years, with
the Federal party.

But is there no remedy for the evils
we suffer? There is; and we may find
it at our doors if we take the trouble to
look for it. Pass the Independent
Trenury bill, separating the governmen-
ment from banking institutions. Re-
quire all duties on foreign importations
to be paid in advance, in gold and sil-
ver. This will check extravagant im-
portations and create at the same time
a demand for specie at home. The banks
also, should have such salutary re-
straints imposed upon them, as will keep
them within just and safe limits, subject
to frequent examinations by the agents
of the people, and liable at any time, for
a violation of duty, to have their doors
closed, and their charter forfeited. Let
the stockholders be liable in their indi-
vidual capacity, for the payment of their
debts, as other citizens are, and throw
around them such further restraints as
will secure the people against frauds and
imposition. The mysteries of banking
are just beginning to be understood by
the public. It is only within the last
few years that the subject has been
thoroughly discussed; and the time is at
hand when a mass of valuable informa-
tion will have been collected, which will
enable us to act understandingly & wisely
in reference to this matter.

One thing we now know; that cor-
porations are the vice of this age, and
that every grant of corporate power, is
just so much taken from the mass of
public liberty. No such grant should
therefore be made, unless it clearly con-
duces to the public good; and whenever
it is shown that the powers given are
used or abused to the public injury, the
grant ought to be revoked. The number
of these grants, in the United States, is
now almost countless; and a list of the
ones which have emanated from the leg-
islature of Ohio, in the short space of
thirty-seven years, would astonish all
who have not turned their attention to
the subject.

Banks, properly limited and control-
led, would not afford this extraordinary
stimulus to the spirit of trade and spec-
ulation, which has so often covered the
land with distress; and the reforms ad-
vocated by the Democratic party are
therefore another remedy for the evils
complained of. But the most efficient
remedy, after all, lies still nearer home.

It consists in two words—industry and
economy. We must return to the sim-
ple, industrious, frugal mode of life,
which distinguished us as a people in
times past. Buy less from the merchant
and he will import less. Vigilance in
our several avocations and a retrench-
ment of our unnecessary expenditures,
will in a short time relieve us from all
our difficulties. The products of our
labor will soon cancel our obligations,
and set us again upon high ground.
Let us purchase fewer foreign manufac-
tures, and rely more upon our own.
The best system of domestic manufac-
tures is that which was formerly seen
in almost every well-regulated family;
when the wheel and the loom supplied
us with the articles which are now
bought from the merchant and the most
valuable system of internal improve-
ments is that which may be seen in
the comfortable dwellings and neat well
cultivated farms of the country. These
are the evidences of prosperity, which
never mislead an observer; and this pol-
icy will furnish an effectual shield to the
people against all bank panics, derange-
ments and pressures in the money mar-
ket. Let us resort to it, instead of ask-
ing Congress, or the State Legisla-
ture, to relieve us by law. Let us face
the storm like men; and not barter our
principles and our birthright for a mess
of pottage.

In the contest which is now before us,
we are presented with a candidate for
the Presidency, who now occupies the
Chair of State. True, he has not been
re-nominated by a National Conven-
tion; but the universal sentiment of the
Democratic party is known to be in his
favor; and no one else is thought of as
a candidate. We support the re-elec-
tion of M. Van Buren, because we are
satisfied with the manner in which he
has discharged the high duties devolv-
ing upon him as the Chief Magistrate
of the Republic. In a long life of pub-
lic service, he has shown himself to be
an eminent and accomplished statesman,
possessed of all the high qualities which
fit him for the first office in the gift of
his countrymen. He is opposed to the
creation of a National Bank, and in fa-
vor of an independent Treasury, under
the control of the people's representa-
tives in Congress. He is opposed to a
high tariff for protection; to a system of
internal improvements by the General
Government. He is of the State rights
school; the disciple of Jefferson and
Jackson; in favor of a strict construc-
tion of the Constitution, and opposed to
the exercise of powers not clearly grant-
ed to the Federal authorities. He is the
advocate of a cheap and simple govern-
ment; wisely and economically adminis-
tered; securing to all, the rights which
belong to them, and resisting the ef-
forts of those who seek by monopolies
and corporate authority, to entrench
upon public liberty. Lastly, he is the
avowed advocate of Bank reform, and
of subjecting the monied institutions of
the country to a thorough scrutiny and
an effectual supervision and control of
public opinion, acting through the con-
stituted agents of the people. To such
a man, we are prepared to give our hearty
support; and we solemnly pledge our-
selves, to use every honorable effort to
secure his re-election.

The Federal party have nominated
Gen. Harrison, as their candidate for
Presidential honors. Without pausing
to inquire, whether this man may or
may not, in common with many other
prominent individuals, have done the
country some service, we oppose his
re-election for reasons which we deem
conclusive. He is opposed, so far as
his principles are known, to the leading
doctrines which distinguish our party.
He is favorable to a great National Bank
chartered by Congress; he will inter-
pose no veto upon bills imposing high
protective tariffs, or appropriating money
to internal improvements. He has been
against us in all our contests since
1824; the supporter of John Quincy
Adams' administration, and active op-
ponent of General Jackson and Mr.
Van Buren. He has acted throughout
with the Federal Bank party, against all
reformers of the paper currency propos-
ed by the democratic school and sus-
tained by the people. He is opposed to
the doctrines of the State rights party;
and according to his own declarations,
stands ready to sign bills, if passed by
Congress, which are not authorized by
the terms of the Federal Constitution;
and can only be passed by a loose, lat-
itudinarian construction of that instru-
ment, which would be destructive of all
our rights. He is the candidate of all
the discordant factions, opposed to
present Administrations; and avo-

minated, as an avowed
and not on account of his
or because he was the
those who use his name
er. He is sustained by
the Federal party call-
led on by Daniel W.
Clay. Another
litical anti-mason
one in his support
peals to the "bond
against